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Lares' Memories



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Chapter 1 by Haydée

It was happening.

I knew it, since its beginning: the thing that I most feared in my life was going to happen. I was transforming, and there was no way to stop that. I felt the pain, deep in my body, and the fractures. My body was changing, and every second was a torture.

Chapter 2 by R



Puberty. Typically that's just growth spurts, gaining some of the secondary sex characteristics, changes in hormones, starting to notice other genders. They tell you all about it in schools.

I wish it were that easy.

I'm not a human. I'm almost human. Mostly human. Pretty darn human if you ask me. Close enough that you wouldn't even be able to tell the difference between me and a human.

Well, up until puberty.

We're called Lares. There's a long cultural past of the name that falls all the way back to Rome, one that I never cared for. Why look back to the past when you could look forward to the future, that was my motto.

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Right now, though? Right now, I'm not ready.

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Let me just say - there is nothing more painful than growing wings. Not only do they form underneath of your skin and burst out, which is horrible, they also are super painful to grow in. All the feathers, all the new weight, it makes your bones break from the stress. Luckily, that's in the design plan.

I'm growing new bones, new skin, new limbs. The process is varying; some people take days, others months. I'd been lying here in agony for a week now, wishing my mother would give me pain medicine, give me drugs, give me something.

She was such a traditionalist that she said no.

But what was worse than the isolation and the pain and the vivid feeling of my body being remade was the visions.

Oh, the visions.

Chapter 3 by Glitch



The visions were of past, present, and what is yet to be. They came at night sometimes even day. One of the many reason I hated to sleep. Also because I didn't want to walk up to my own yell and screams at 2 am.

As I lay on my blood stained covers, because mom refused to get new ones, I think of my wings. They were painful, still sore and still growing bigger. Our wing size, shape, and color were decided by our family house. Mine was white with dark red under feathers. But right now as I lay down in pools of my own blood I kinda want to be a normal human. A normal human with acne, body development, and a period. Then again that didn't so good either.

I was snapped out of my thoughts by another sharp pain in my back. I scream out again, I am surprised my voice didn't go hoarse from all the screaming and peddling I did, grabbing the sides of the bed. The pain was over quick as it came.

I was relentless to go to sleep because I knew I had to look through visions. It was a good 20 minutes before I could even think of closing my eyes. But the pain was to much and I finally gave

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turn. A boy my age, 15, a little taller than me with dark brown eyes glazed over with hate. He wore a plain shirt that was ripped and stained with blood, his pants were also torn.

"You can stop this Nyth." His voice was low and husky. I had seen him before, I know him. But I can't place it. "This is what happens if you let him take it." He said looking forward. this wasn't a vision it was a warning, a prophecy. I move my eyes back to the chaos in front of us.

"Shit, they found me." He suddenly says, looking behind us. I want to turn and see what it is but he gripped my shoulder indicating I shouldn't look.

I wanted to say something, anything but I couldn't find my voice. OK, after all the screaming and crying I did NOW my voice goes hoarse. I look at the human, no wait he wasn't human. Then everything went black.

*

I woke up to the sound of my own crying, hot tears fell from my cheeks. Looking around the room I realized it was morning. A day of school, painkillers, and medication, without my mom's knowledge of course. I had to wake up at 5 and sneak out of the house to go to school. While other Lares stay home from school, or just never start I wanted to go. I did my best to hide my wings, and since I started the transformation my magic has not been the strongest. Luckily I had connections.

I have to find that boy. I reminded myself wiping the tears from my eyes. He knew and I need to know.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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